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Athanasia & Harry

[image] [image]

The heavenly beauty with long, golden hair grabs the beautiful girl with long, golden hair who runs toward her and throws her up in the air. They are laughing delightfully. The bespectacled, handsome man with unruly hair runs with two boys in his arms. Athanasia smiles brightly while looking at her husband Harry with those sparkling, blue jeweled eyes. Harry bent down to kiss her on the lips just as he winks at her with his bewitched, emerald-green eyes.

The warmest summer breezed past by the five Potter family stands in the magnificent scenery of the lily meadow. Behind them, the exquisite manor stood with the white bricks and grey roofs. The very great care garden blooming nicely with the fountain's water flowing underneath it.

The youngest daughter holding in her mother's arms blew a raspberry at her eldest brother with the same bewitched, emerald-green jeweled eyes, whose name is Lillian Eternity Potter. The eldest brother just glared playfully at her with blue jeweled eyes and unruly black hair, whose name is Emrys Jamerius Potter. The second oldest son sniggered in his hand, who is mixed well between his parents with unruly golden hair and the sparkling, blue-green jeweled eyes(central heterochromia) whose name is Ambrus Severus Potter.

The Potter family laughed suddenly stop when they saw the bright gold aura rapidly enclosing them from the strange rune-like magic circle beneath their feet. They were trapped in the magic circle in the middle of the meadow. They cannot step outside the circle. The parents yelled and their children cried fearfully just as they vanished from their home and their world.

To be continued...

The Obelian Empire

[image]

Athanasia groaned and slowly open her jeweled eyes. Instantly recognized the familiar ceiling with the dimmed chandelier. The soft red curtain fell around the king-size four-poster bed before the greatest windows with the afternoon sunlight stone through. She gasped and sat up quickly in her tangled blanket. She looked around almost fretfully.

"Harry!" She called, stumbling over to the double doors from the bed and grabbing the handle to turn to open. She stepped into the silent, dark hallway, completely ignoring her underdressed nightclothes when she started to run.

"Emrys! Ambus! Lillian! Harry!"

"...A-Athanasia? Athanasia?!"

Athanasia stopped on the threshold and gasped at the sight of her husband Harry Potter who was held down on the floor by Emperor Claude de Alger Obelia, her father who is also strangled by Harry.

They are barely wounded while Claude's knight Felix Robain who was out cold in the hole of the wall.

"Harry! Let him go!" Athanasia yelled, as she lunged at her father and grabbed the wrist that was holding his husband's neck. She's trying to pull his wrist off her Harry. "That's my husband!"

Claude widened his jeweled eyes at this announcement. He released Harry, who in turn released Claude. The emperor backed away and rubbed his bruised neck, as he watched her daughter fussing over her husband's nonexistent injuries. Harry simply waved it off and told her he is fine.

"You...you are married? Why didn't that impudent man tell me earlier if not for him to i—"

"Why would in hell I tell you my status? It is not like you've got right as a so-called father to know our marriage."

The men glared at each other coldly.

"Your majesty! Your majes— Princess Athanasia!" The head maid Lilian York exclaimed upon seeing her long-missing princess Athanasia finally woken.

"What is it?"

Lily finally snapped of ruses and bowed to the emperor. "Your majesty! The children are missing!"

Harry and Athanasia halted and stared horribly.

"Emrys, Lillian, Ambus!" The parents yelled together.

To be continued...

Beautiful Children

[image]

"No! No! Nonononononononononono! NO!" The four-year-old Lillian yelled at the top of her lungs.

The Royal magician Lucas looks irritated at the brat who stomps her feet on the ground. She is stubborn as a mule. Why won't she just give the wands back now?!

"Give them back, you little brat!" Lucas snapped and lunges at her which causes her to run away from him. Lucas growls and starts to chase her around all over the palace.

But Lucas tripped something and lost his balance before falling and skidding across the polished floor. He jerked his head to the pillar he almost got whiplash. He caught on the eight-year-old Emrys blew a raspberry at him before running away.

The six-year-old Ambus grabbed his little sister and pulled her into the room from the hallway. The loud clicking of the lock from inside. Lucas felt the unique magic just had warded the doors firmly. The solemn silence encompassed the fallen magician in the hallway.

"B...B...BRATS!!!!"

A couple of hours later, the knights and maids searched all over the palaces for Princess Athanasia's children. All of sudden, Harry caught the glimpse of his eldest son Emrys who quickly hides behind the corner of the hallway. He turned red when he was angry.

"Emrys Jamerius Potter! Come down right now! I can see you!"

"Eek! P-papa..." Emrys stammered nervously when he popped out of the corner to see his parents, Claude, and Lily. With the big sparkly jeweled eyes fretting around as he stepped out and walked slowly

toward his father.

"Where are Ambus and Lillian?"

"Hides."

"Hides in the what, Emrys?" Athanasia asked pointedly.

He smiles at his mother in embarrassment.

"Sorry, mummy. They're hiding in the bedroom from the weirdo wizard."

"Where are they in?"

"That way, mummy." He pointed to the southwest from his behind.

"You're coming with us. You better not run off again, Emrys." Harry warned.

"I won't!" Emrys nodded frantically.

They're racing to the southwest side of the palace. They found the magician attempting to cast the cancellation spell onto the doors. Harry yelled angrily, "What are you doing!?" He was about to hex the magician if not for his wife interrupted.

"No! This man is an Obelian Empire's Royal Magician! Lord Lucas, are you going to cancel Ambus's ward?"

"Yes, I am. Seems like this brat's powerful."

"Heh! Of course, I'm powerful and Athy is powerful as well! Yes! Ambus is powerful all thanks to us!" Harry guffawed egotistically. He got smacked in the head by his wife who is glaring at him. Athanasia turned to look at the magician.

"Let me cancel my Ambus's ward. His magic is instinctive. It can recognize my magic because I'm his mother."

Lucas nodded and backed away as Princess Athanasia easily took over the spot in front of the doors. She placed her delicate hands on

the doors and pulsating her gentle magic into the ward. The wizards felt the ward dissolve.

The doors clicked open right before Ambus popped his head in, to see his mother.

"Mummy!"

Ambus ran to hug her in the waist.

Athanasia smiled and hugged him tightly in her arms. She asked him where is Lillian. Ambus responded by guiding them into the room to see Lillian who waved the wands in her hands. She spun on her toes until she saw her parents standing there on the threshold.

"Mummy, daddy!" Lillian yelled, running toward them. She attacked them in a big hug with a big smile.

Claude watched the Potter family laugh.

To be continued...

Dinner

[image]

The Potter family and Claude sit around the dinner table. They eat the delicious food made by the best Royal Chef the Obelian Empire could offer. The children fought over the baked apple pie. The adults are just silent, sitting there and watching others. Waiting for other starts to speak.

"I'm sure you want to know why are you here," stated Claude looking at his daughter and her husband. "I need you to become Empress of the Obelian empire."

"Me? Become Empress?"

Harry just looks stunned at Claude.

"W-what—" Athanasia stopped herself when she realized her 'half-sister' Jennette's not here. "What's happening to Jennette?"

Claude's jeweled eyes turn icy upon hearing Jennette's name.

"She is a chimera." Said the great magician out of nowhere behind jolts Athanasia out of her seat at this voice. "That damn chimera sucks out his Majesty's lifeforce like a disease."

Harry's emerald eyes turn icy upon hearing the word chimera.

"Is it dark magic?" Harry asked distastefully.

The magician and the emperor look toward the bespectacled man astounded that he knows what is a chimera.

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Well," Harry said and nodded toward his wife, "My archenemy, Voldemort, in my world, killed too many people like me, which is Halfblood and others are Muggleborn. The Muggleborn means the magical children had non-magical parents. The halfblood means the

Pureblood parent and the Muggleborn parent or the non-magical parent. The Pureblood means the descendants of the Pureblood with another Pureblood, not in another way. I'd have to say they're blood supremacists. We were fighting in the war for four years against Voldemort and his supremacists. He found out Athy has an abundance of the significant magic reserve. He abducted her using Draco Malfoy. He plans to kill her by stealing her magic and using her body as a Horcrux. He wanted to see me break down by seeing her corpse."

Athanasia squeezed his hand in the reassurance that she is still here.

"What is a Horcrux?" Lucas asked looking toward Harry with full attention.

"The user splits his soul into seven and taints the objects including living things. They are more hateful and evil, and can easily kill innocent people after taking part in the ritual. It also increased their power." Answered Athanasia instead Harry who remain silent.

"That's foul!" Shouted Lucas's face twisted in disgust at this notion. Claude becomes colder and colder as he thought of the foul dark magic that even took a place in Potter's world too. And it is a lot worse than when he was plagued by a chimera.

To be continued...

How They Meet - Sixth Year

Sixth Year

Today is the day of the final match with Slytherin vs Gryffindor on the Quidditch pitch. The stadium full of students and professors watches the intense competition to shout and holler for each of their own houses. The blue sky serenely watch over beneath, without warning, torn apart, followed by the thunderous sound of clap— startled people were beneath it and looked at the sky thinking it was a storm. They then screamed horribly when they saw the worldly purple-reddish rift crack the untouchable sky. The person emerged from the rift.

As they plummeted 12 kilometers down at high speed. The long blonde hair whipped around, the long baby blue gown swirled around the legs. The person travels upside down the head first—they didn't flail nor scream—as if they make peace with death.

Many wizards and witches including the Quidditch teammates froze and watch the person about to die. One man didn't freeze, instantly flying upward toward a person on Firebolt. Accelerated speed as he went. His arms outreach and caught the person causing him to wobble. He still secured holding them safe.

The emerald eyes meet the enlarged jeweled blue eyes.

"Who...are..you..?" A melodic voice resonates into his ruddy ears. The jeweled eyes rolled up behind the eyelids, and she fainted.

Albus Dumbledore waved through the rowdy students crowded the Quidditch pitch until he arrived at the scene of the beautiful petite angel lying in Harry Potter's arms who flew down onto the ground.

Dumbledore immediately ordered Severus to bring her to the hospital wing. Without question, he quickly obeyed. He scooped up the limp girl in his arms and strode out of the pitch behind the billowing cloak toward the Hogwarts building.

Dumbledore eyed the Boy Who Lived's appearance and suggested to them to go to take a bath. Harry just numbly nodded though he didn't seem to hear Dumbledore. He only gazed in the direction the beautiful angel just left.

Three Days Later...

The Golden Trio sitting around in the Common room, Ron and Hermione arguing over something unimportant as Harry stares into the blaze of the fireplace from his usual spot. Neville who is the only one noticed Harry's silence, and he went to take a seat beside Harry. He placed his hand on his friend's shoulder to get his attention, which was unsuccessful.

"Harry!"

Harry jolted and turned his head, to look at his friend Neville saw these glazing emerald eyes almost similar to the love-struck he once saw in his great uncle when he looks at his great aunt before she passed away.

"Oh, Merlin," Neville gaped in amazement. "You've already fallen for the Golden Angel!"

That's what everyone dubbed Athanasia as "Golden Angel" because she descended from the sky and leave a trail of golden hair swirling behind her back. So this is what outcome.

Harry flushed at this exclamation which capture everyone's attention in the Common room. The girls whispered frantically with others over Harry's newfound crush and the boys gazed coldly at him as if warn him if he dared step out of the line to be near their Golden Angel.

He then scowled at Neville who had the grace to look sheepish and mouthed sorry.

Hermione and Ron just stopped their senseless argument when they stared at him almost hurting that he didn't tell them for the last three days. Harry rolled his eyes in annoyance. "It is not like I had tried to tell you when you got fighting like an old married couple

every day!" He snapped.

This sudden revelation has flustered his two best friends.

Everyone who heard started to snigger.

All of a sudden, the portrait opened has caught everyone's attention —they saw the Golden Angel coming close behind the strict Professor Minvera from the hole. She wore the Gryffindor cloak which suits her very well. Her wavy golden hair pulls up into a ponytail with a red ribbon. Most distinguished are the jeweled-like blue eyes framed by the long eyelashes.

'Wow! She is gorgeous!' That's what everyone thought except Harry who looks wholly rigid when he laid eyes on her.

"Everybody," Announced Professor Minerva. "This student Athanasia De Alger Obelia will join you as a sixth-year Gryffindor. So, treat her like you treat everyone as a family." With that, she left not without glowering at her cubs a warning. The portrait shuts behind the professor.

Hermione and Ron who are prefects immediately stood and walked to Athanasia with a smile across their faces.

"Hello, Athanasia. We are your prefects. I am Hermione Granger and this is..."

"Ronald Weasley at your service."

"We want to tour you around this great Hogwarts castle. Unfortunately, it is late at night. As our curfew will begin in 30 minutes. We will do it tomorrow since it's Saturday today. Now, you will share a dormitory with Parvati, Lavender, and me on the right side. Come on, we'll go upstairs so you'll know where is your bed. Boys are not allowed..." Hermione lectured as she lead Athanasia upstairs.

Harry gazed at the staircase where the angel just disappeared.

Next Monday...

The drowsy Harry comes down with Ron yawning loudly as they landed on the bottom. They stopped and saw Hermione chattering to Athanasia who is smiling kindly, standing beside the portrait. Hermione saw her best friends and waved her hand before speaking to Athanasia briefly before they walked toward the boys.

"Athanasia, this one is my best friend I just told you about." Introduced Hermione grabbed Harry's arm to drag him to stand in front of Athanasia. "This is Harry Potter. He is the one who saved you."

She then looks at the tall young man, and notices he is attractive. Most noticeable are the vivid emerald eyes beneath the ebony wild hair and the lightning bolt scar on the forehead barely concealed from visible.

She greeted him with a bright smile, "Hello, Potter."

Harry stuttered, "H-Hello."

"Thank you for saving me. Can we be a friend?"

Harry stammered 'yes' in astonishment. Deep inside, he was delighted at the offering of friendship from Golden Angel.

This time...

Athanasia de Alger Obelia is not Cho or Ginny. He wanted to know her more.

To be continued...